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RJUKAN FALL, WHERE IT BEGINS ITS EIGHT-HUNDRED-FOOT DROP, NORWAY

Quicksteps through Scandinavia

WITH A RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

By S. G. BAYNE

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
COLLECTED BY THE AUTHOR



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This is a brief account of an excursion through Scandinavia and Russia, by which the writer hopes to aid the intending traveller in selecting what he should see and what avoid in passing through northern Europe. Illustrations are more illuminating to the average mind than words, and they have been used freely in an attempt to place before the reader what the countries herein described are really like; so, if he should not have an opportunity to visit our Scandinavian friends in person, he will at least become familiar with their delightful country, sterling qualities, and pleasing personality.

S. G. BAYNE.

NEW YORK, 1908.

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Quicksteps through Scandinavia

SCOTLAND AS A VESTIBULE TO SCANDINAVIA

I HAVE visited most of the interesting countries in the world, but neglected to make an excursion through northern Europe, so last summer I arranged to take my vacation in Scandinavia and Russia, and accordingly started for Copenhagen on the *Hellig Olav*, of the new Scandinavian line. I had no companion at the start, but as the passengers were all Danes, Swedes, Finns, or Norwegians, excepting myself and a Harvard student, I naturally fell in with him, and he proved to be a very agreeable and intelligent companion. We held together for most of the journey without any kind of friction, and parted company near Bergen with mutual regret, something very rare when two men have been "up against it" on a long, hard trip such as this one was.

All on board grew very friendly, and the ship soon became the home of an ocean social club. The writer and the "Student" were the only outsiders on board, but the "Scands" took us into the family on my making a statement to the captain that one of my ancestors was in the Norsemen's boat that discovered America, long before Columbus was born. After a pleasant voyage we sighted the light-house on Cape Wrath, the northern point of Scotland, and it was not long before we ran into the mouth of Pentland Firth, one of the worst bits of water known to sailors, and dreaded by them in bad weather. The sea runs between an island and the mainland at eight miles an hour, with a moaning, swirling violence that shows the power of a huge body of water in motion. The shores are a marine graveyard, as we could see the skeletons of wrecks strewn along the beach; indeed, one schooner in excellent condition lay far above us



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FISH-MARKET AND FISHING-BOATS IN THE CANAL, COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

on the rocks, just as if she had been built up there and never launched. We were glad to run this channel and leave it behind in safety. Just as we were coming out we passed John O'Groat's house, celebrated in song and story as the last station on the way to the pole. John used to tell his guests that "Whuskey is a bad thing—espeecially bad whuskey"—and John was right in both particulars.

We were not long making the run across the North Sea to Norway, and when we anchored in the harbor of Christiansand on a Sunday morning we found the people in the gayest of attire going to church in boats, all bent on having a good time, and from what we could see they were certainly having it. Here the local fishermen supplied us with fresh sole right out of the fjord, and they were "fjoine." Some of our passengers left us to make their way up the coast, and we went on to Christiania, situated at the head of a long and beautiful fjord of the same name. We spent a delightful day in the capital among a gay and light-hearted crowd, all anxious to make it pleasant for their visiting friends the Scandinavian-Yankees. A crowd of two thousand people came down to see us off and cheer us on the way. Just as we were moving out, King Edward VII. and his wife passed into the harbor on their gorgeous new yacht. This yacht has four smoke-stacks in real gold-leaf and black; the stairs leading down to the water are covered with velvet carpet in purple and gold; she sports the royal standard on her stern pole, and a pair of British battle-ships trail her as a convoy. Cleopatra's barge held the record for splendor for many long centuries, but I doubt if she could do that to-day with this craft in sight. Our vessel, the *Hellig Olav*, is a big thing in Norway, and so the King and Queen came on deck and saluted us, while we returned the compliment by playing "God Save the King," as we passed out into the open sea. The Queen visits her mother and sister every summer, and Christiania is the port at which she lands, finishing the trip to Denmark by rail.

Our last port of call was Copenhagen, and after steaming through the Skager Rack and the Cattegat we had a look at Hamlet's castle at Elsinore, where the ghost used to "visit the glimpses of the moon." There was some kind of a convention of Hamlet's descendants and relatives going on in Copenhagen, and we could not get a room at any of the big hotels, but found good quarters at the "King of Denmark," a small place which, while some distance from the local Bowery, was still good enough for us.

Denmark's capital is a fine, quaint old city, with half a million inhabitants, remind-

ing one frequently of Edinburgh or parts of London. Things are cheap there. I bought a hat for five kronen, and it will compare favorably with anything sold on Broadway at three times the price. We visited fine picture-galleries, palaces, and public buildings galore. In the National Gallery I saw the first study of Kröyer's "Blacksmith's Smithy," the original painting of which I bought at Christie's auction-rooms in London in 1881. It seemed like finding an old friend in a new place. Kröyer is still painting on an island near here, and I decided to visit him by sail-boat, but learned from a friend of his that he was sick, so I did not go. He is now the foremost Scandinavian artist.

But perhaps, after all, the most interesting thing in Copenhagen to the average man, who does not care for old masters and that sort of thing, is its fish-fruit-flower-and-game market. This is held in a big square beside a salt-water canal. You have to rise early to see it, but you feel repaid for this inconvenience. They have all kinds of fine fish and crustacea in floating boxes, and they lift them out, alive and kicking, in landing-nets and show the goods, so you may see what you are to get for your money. The women are the "salesmen," and they can beat any brass band that ever annoyed a neighborhood. They skin the soles and eels and cut the heads and tails off the turbot while you wait. The fruits and flowers are sold in more refined and subdued tones—in fact, with a tenderness all their own—but still you know there is "something doing" when you listen to them for a few minutes. And as to prices! why, if we had such concessions here the president of Bay State Gas might have a smelt for dinner!

You soon get tired of a town, no matter what its attractions, if you are simply in it and not of it, so we moved on by boat and rail to Stockholm, Sweden's big city, with a population of over three hundred thousand people. Sweden is a strikingly beautiful country, but it does not present what may be called spectacular or scenic grandeur. Its lakes and rivers are framed in verdure, its forests stretch away through miles of apparently impenetrable twilight, and a sense of repose and quiet broods over all. The Swedes are not lazy, however—far from it, though they make but little ado in getting about their work whatever it may be. They have practically nothing to learn from any country about the thrifty and economical management of their property, and in all the commercial capitals of the world stand well toward the top, representing honest and conservative enterprise in all departments of business and trade. They



Church-boat bringing families to church, Lake Siljan, Sweden

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SWEDISH SCENERY

have barkless dogs on the farms that do not bite and that aid the visitor not a little in his investigation of the country. They wag their tails and make no attempt to disturb your rear draperies with their teeth. All hail to the gay and good-natured dogs of Sweden!

Stockholm is built on a group of islands. It is an exceptionally fine port and from its wharves many steamers and merchantmen sail to Baltic ports and, for that matter, to all parts of the world. It looks very picturesque and will pass muster anywhere. We visited the fine picture collections, museums, and palaces, and played the place out, and then sailed on a Finnish steamer for St. Petersburg—I don't remember the vessel's name, as it was unpronounceable and I am writing this from memory. Every berth was taken and it looked badly for us, so the Student and I went to the captain and explained our plight.

He was good-natured and gave us his room, so we started in high feather. We stood out into the Baltic, crossed the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia, and ran into the Gulf of Finland the next day, threading our way among thousands of rocky islands, all of them "with verdure clad," and some no larger than a garden patch, while many others were the size of Manhattan Island. Our steamer stopped for a full day at Helsingfors to unload and reload freight and passengers. Helsingfors is the capital of Finland and is a thriving, busy city. Its most interesting feature to the visitor is its game market, in which bear, deer, elk, and a great variety of game birds are shown for sale and at very tempting prices. Russia has taken possession of Finland, and the Finns don't like it, but they can't help it. They are a manly, intelligent race, however, and may one day successfully kick over the traces when Russia is engaged in some other squabble that will call for her entire attention, and like as not the Finns will win out. I hope so.

The Swedes have a plan of starting a meal on land and at sea with a grand spread of "delicatessen" on a table in the centre of the saloon, as an appetizer. It is called the "smörgas." The intending diners leave their seats and load up their plates with such delicacies as pigs' feet, cold tripe, pickles, etc., and, standing up at their work, lay the foundation for dinner. I was following suit, but suddenly, on a whisper from the Student that this was but a starter for the coming dinner, I slid back into my seat and awaited the regular courses. Englishmen once had a great reputation for eating, but they don't class with the Swede as consumers now.



Photographed by "The Student"

THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW, RUSSIA



Photographed by "The Student"

ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL, ST. PETERSBURG
Largest Church in Russia

RUSSIA

The next morning we sighted Cronstadt, the great Russian naval depot and ship-building yards at the mouth of the Neva. We counted over twenty-five battle-ships, cruisers, and torpedo-boats, in all stages of construction, to replace the fleet destroyed by Japan. We passed through them and then into the four-mile canal through which all ships must go in landing at St. Petersburg. The craft coming in take one side and those going out the other, to avoid collisions.

The passport "fake" is the *bête noire* of Russian travel, and commences when you take out your passport at starting. We got ours at Copenhagen. It took us a whole day to get them, running back and forth between the American Minister and the Russian Consul, the latter never neglecting to "swipe" a fee when opportunity offered. Our minister touched me deeply when he described my forehead in the passport as "very high." We had to show the papers to the captain when starting, twice to agents on the dock at Helsingfors, then to a man on the wharf at St. Petersburg; at the hotel they were taken from us and sent to the Chief of Police to advise him of the arrival of two noted criminals; then we got them back in order that we might be able to show them at every turn in Russia, and finally, when leaving the country, we again had to send them to the police in order to get permission to depart. On most of these occasions there were fees to pay, and if you refused to show the passport or pay the fee they would run you into the Muscovite bastille, where you could cool your heels till you changed your mind. A native Russian can't leave his country and return to it without paying about fifty dollars in this kind of "graft," for the government gets but a small part of the money.

We put up at an English hotel (where they didn't speak English, but instead kept a "tailor-made" cat, making believe they came right from "Peekadeely"), in the shadow of "St. Isaac's," Russia's great church. Its bells, big and little, kept us from sleeping, but we didn't mind a small matter like that. I had a difficulty with the drosky man who drove us to the hotel, but the porter came out and gave him a cut with a whip, and then he accepted a reasonable fare. Best way of settling I have yet seen anywhere; it should be adopted here. We couldn't stand the "English" cooking at the hotel, and finally found a French restaurant on the Nevski Prospekt, the widest and one of the finest streets in the world. We at once took a drive up

one side of it and down the other so as to get our first impression of Russia. The whole sight was quite imposing: it is the show spot of all Russia, and is controlled by finely mounted Cossacks in gorgeous uniforms. Next to the boulevard the most interesting sight in the city is to watch the crowds crossing the parks in the evening when they are leaving their work. There are so many types and costumes drawn from all the Russias that it is a never-ending human kaleidoscope, and all are pressing on with a sober and determined purpose.

We, of course, visited the Winter Palace on the Neva and all the fine picture-galleries, the Hermitage being the most celebrated. In the large National Gallery we found three salons set apart for Verestchagin, the great painter and soldier. Poor Verestchagin! he was blown up on a battle-ship at Port Arthur. Many years ago he gave me as a souvenir the sword he carried at the battle of Plevna.

I wanted to visit Moscow, but the difficulty of travelling without knowing a word of the language was so great (much worse since the Japanese war), that the Student declined to go, so I set out for the ancient city without him. Before starting I met a man at the hotel called Bargar, who was going to Moscow, and as he spoke a few words of Russian we reached our destination by rail without much difficulty. We put up at the Metropole, and the entertainment one receives at the St. Regis seems a gift when compared with the prices at this gilded palace of Russian rapacity.

Moscow runs to churches and has about six hundred of them, averaging twenty bells each—in fact, it has all the cities of the globe “burned to the water’s edge,” when it comes to counting churches and their bells. When they are all rung at the same time (which is often the case), it is not restful to the nerves. The city is four hundred miles from St. Petersburg and is the seat of the Russian government. The Moskva River, which is a tributary of the Volga, runs through it. In the centre of the city stands the famous Kremlin, containing ninety-eight acres surrounded by pentagonal, fortified walls of red sandstone, twenty-four hundred and thirty yards in length, having eighteen towers erected on them. Its five gates are also surmounted by high towers, erected by Ivan III. about the fourteenth century. The Kremlin contains imperial palaces, churches, graves of the czars and their wives, temples, monuments, and cathedrals. Many of these contain the oldest relics, pictures, jewelry, and armor in Europe, some of the pictures being attributed to the apostles. As an example of Russian prodigality, one picture has a jewelled, metallic cover which cost two hundred thousand rubles.



OUR PORTER REDUCED THIS MAN'S FARE BY A CUT OF HIS WHIP (ST. PETERSBURG)

Photographed by "The Student"



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NEVSKI PROSPEKT, ST. PETERSBURG

Again, the *Sakkos* of the Metropolitan *Foty* contains seventy thousand pearls. (What a picnic this lot would have been for the "Fo'ty Thieves"!) Besides these and other countless valuables, the treasury of the czars holds in safe-keeping crowns, thrones, robes, arms, carriages, and other priceless treasures, in all so bewildering that it would be impossible for me adequately to describe this monumental maelstrom of mastodonic and historic bric-à-brac. If a professional "barker" were to descant on this collection it would give him heart-disease. Why, it would take Mr. Silo a quarter of a century to catalogue, describe, and knock down these lots in detail from his little pulpit, and the commission on them would enable him to sport the Koh-i-noor as a stick-pin! The whole outfit ought to be sold to the highest bidder and the proceeds distributed among the millions of starving people who pitifully gaze at them when pinched by cold and hunger, the money for their purchase having been originally wrung from the proletariat. There is a colossal bronze statue of the Emperor Alexander which alone is worth the "price of admission." It is not so big as the Goddess of Liberty, but it's not far from it. The huge hands are as uncouth as a smoked ham and the feet size up with an average soap-box. It is the quintessence of vulgarity and ostentation. The big bell is a fine thing and is on a different plane from anything else in the place. It is one of the largest, weighing about two hundred and fifteen tons, is sixty feet in circumference, nineteen feet high, and has a considerable amount of silver in its composition. It represents a pathetic tragedy in chimes, as when it was being hung, in 1737, the cathedral burned down, and the fall broke a piece out of its side large enough to allow any one to walk into it with ease. The government never had the courage to recast and hang it up again. It is known as *Tsar Kolokol* (Czar of all the Bells). At the arsenal there is also a fine bit of "bric-à-brac"—an ornamental bronze cannon weighing forty tons.

In one of these churches, almost entirely devoted to Peter the Great, they have a whole lot of little peep-holes covered with glass. Peter's body was cut up in pieces and a part of him was placed underneath each hole. After I had seen a piece of the great man's jaw containing some rusty teeth, a skeleton finger, and his funny-bone, I allowed Mr. Bargar to look at all the rest, being thoroughly satisfied with what I had seen. The Russians are very idolatrous and have worn these holes down by continually kissing them—great places for assimilating the latest brand of germs, I should think. An impartial visitor who has seen the miserable conditions in Russia (which would be easily and quickly remedied in any other country), can hardly refrain from ridi-



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THE KREMLIN WALL AND TOWER OF THE SACRED GATE, MOSCOW

culing and burlesquing the daily tragic farce he sees enacted wherever he goes. Cowardice, tyranny, bombast, and splendor mingle with and oppress wretchedness, poverty, starvation, and disease till the spectator is made angry, sick, and indignant at the sight of it all; hence these Barnum-like sentences should be excused, as they are simply used as a vent for the writer's feelings. The whole proceedings are in line with and remind one of Mark Twain's satirical query to the attendant on looking at a recumbent statue of Columbus—"Is he dead?"—and the Czar's historic cable to the Russian admiral:

"Intercept Togo, take him prisoner; and sink his fleet!"

Well, well, well!

Bargar and I walked over a bridge across the Moskva and out into the country on a broad boulevard. We soon met a procession some three miles long. Bargar asked what it was and was told that a great prelate had died and this was a funeral procession in his honor on its way to the Kremlin. As the crowd passed we watched it with intense interest, for we had never seen anything like it before. There were half a dozen bands and as many groups of choir-singers scattered along the line, and there were great numbers of priests, each representing one of the Moscow churches. These priests wore costumes resembling those seen in comic opera—red, black, green, gold, yellow, and purple predominating. Some had never had their hair or beards cut, while others were entirely clean-shaven. They swung incense round without regard to expense. Then most of the city churches had sent large, gilt metal gonfalons set with polished stones; these were heavy, and it took three giant gonfaloniers to carry each one. They did it by having three men support the legs of a tripod, which was the base of the gonfalon. The day was a hot Sunday, and these men were wet with perspiration. The rank and file had their hats off, and I said to Bargar:

"Let us take off our hats and join the procession; that will be the easiest way to get back into the Kremlin again."

We did so, but after awhile Bargar became careless and, when lighting a cigar, put his hat on. A mounted Cossack quickly spied him and, dashing up, adroitly knocked his hat off with his drawn sword. The hat was, of course, trampled under foot and could not be recovered. Bargar was excited and forgot to throw away his cigar, which he ought to have done, and another Cossack, noticing that he was smoking, rode up and pulled the cigar from his mouth and threw it on the ground. When we



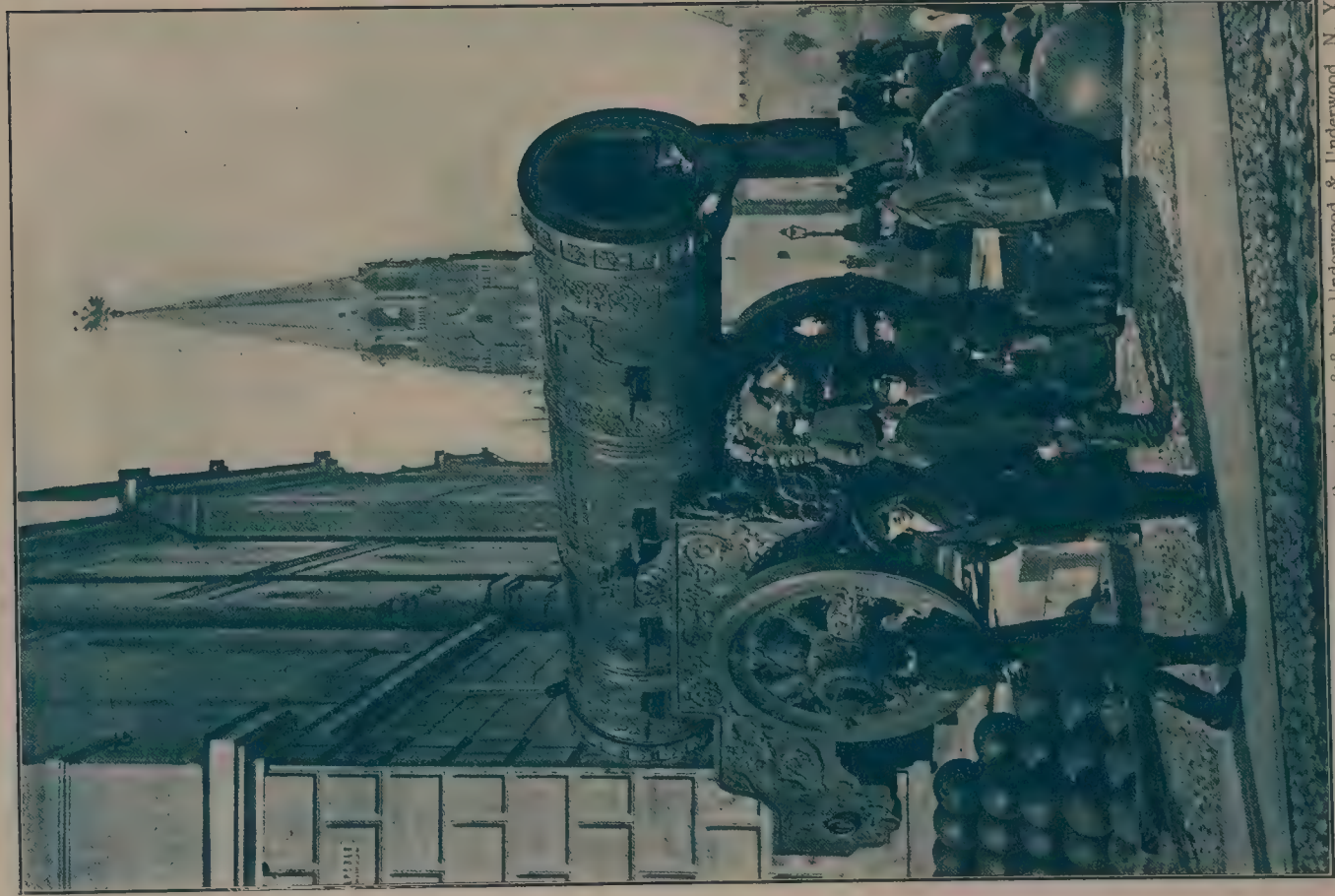
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A BIT OF THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW
"There lie our ancient Cears asleep."

came to the Kremlin gate we were in the tail of the procession, and as the grounds were packed we could not get in, so we walked back to the hotel and never knew how the function ended. In explanation of the insulting conduct of these Cossacks, it may be said that since the Russian troubles began the Czar has practically put the whole country into their hands, as he feels they are about the only body of men he can trust. This has had the effect of spoiling them: they dominate the streets, the railroads, and almost everything else, and if you don't do exactly as they want you to, they first slap you on the back with a naked sword, and if you are slow they will prod you in the ribs with its point. They are taught to look through you as if you were a pane of glass, and thus ignore your very existence. They never answer questions or give any information. These are new conditions in Russia, brought about by the Japanese war and its effect on the country. All classes are sore, sour, and "broke." They have lost their money, are tax-racked, and their boasted military and naval reputation has been knocked into a cocked hat. They can't look foreigners in the face, and hate to meet or mingle with them. So till these conditions change I would rather accept the assistant cashiership of the First National Bank of Hunter's Point than take the best job in Russia. There wouldn't be so much money in it, but there would be a great deal more comfort and independence. Mr. Bargar took his train for Vladivostok at midnight, and I was left to the tender mercies of the enemy.

The next day I started for the big depot, from which radiates most of the roads in Russia. I think there must have been a dozen doors in the huge central rotunda leading to different starting platforms, and at each one stood a Cossack with a sword. Scenting trouble ahead, I had come two hours before my train time. The doors are locked until ten minutes before starting. I made the rounds of these doors, but could learn nothing from the Cossack guards, so I began trying to find some one who spoke English. I accosted dozens of well-dressed men, but was not successful, although there were fifteen hundred people in the rotunda. I was getting desperate, as the time was nearly up. At this point an unmistakable Englishman strode in through the entrance. I rushed up to him, and when I found he was going to St. Petersburg I almost fell on his neck and wept. He knew the ropes and was good company, so I had no trouble in securing *wagon-lit* accommodations on the train and reaching my quarters in St. Petersburg. They burn oil in all the railroad engines in Russia.

The Neva is the outlet of a large lake, a short distance above the city; it has plenty



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 "THE GREAT CZAR CANNON" (BRONZE, WEIGHING 40 TONS),
 KREMLIN ARSENAL, MOSCOW



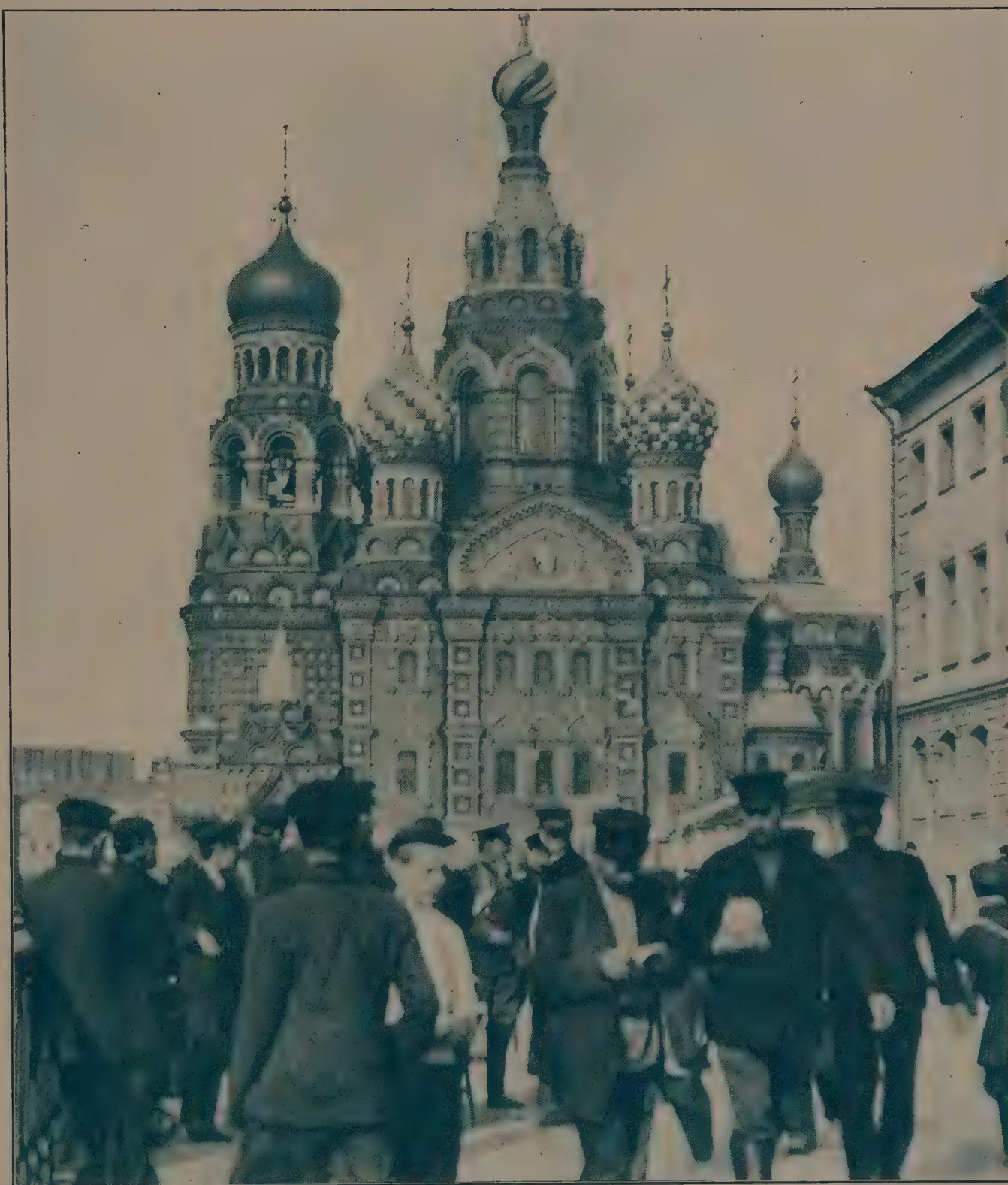
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 THE EMPRESSES OF RUSSIA AND GERMANY DRIVING THROUGH PETERHOF PARK, RUSSIA

of deep water and a strong current. The Student and I made an excursion on it, full of interest.

About thirty years ago an enthusiastic architect went to one of the richest grand-dukes and told him he had had a dream in which he saw, in all its beauty, a marvellous church, and so firmly was this vision fixed in his mind that he could reproduce it if he had a financial patron. He impressed the duke so favorably that the money was forthcoming, and that church, after thirty years' building, was opened by the Czar when I was there. It was a great function and I shall never forget it. It is called the Church of the Ascension. It was a real "dream," beyond a doubt—but "nightmare" would be a better name for it. The architect had employed the entire chromatic gamut in the colors of the materials entering into its construction—indeed, he seemed to have utilized almost everything made by man for structural purposes, including amalgamated copper, consolidated zinc, bonanza tin, gold-leaf, Dutch tiles, buff brick, and verd-antique. He had also selected architectural features from all countries and every age, from the Tower of Babel to the Chicago Fair, and the edifice may be considered a modern *pot-pourri* that has no parallel in architectural history and must be seen to be appreciated to its fullest extent. The photograph does not at all show its unique color schemes. The day before it was opened the Czar ordered the streets roped off so as to hold the crowds in check, and no one could go where he liked or cross a street, but had to obey the Cossacks in this detail. For my part, I was quite contented to view the royal procession from the hotel balcony, from which I had a fine view. The Czar looked very like Simeon Ford, only a little stouter and darker. Possibly he would like to be as popular as Mr. Ford, but he can't; his job doesn't warrant after-dinner speaking—with bombs for dessert. The next day the public was admitted to the church and we set out to see it after breakfast. After we had waited for a long time, a Cossack official climbed up on a window-sill and announced with a megaphone that the church would be filled and emptied from the rear door every twenty minutes till all had seen it. We retired, as the crush was terrific, to return next day, but there was little improvement in conditions when we made the second attempt. The Student and I were separated almost from the start, and I was carried along in front of the entrance. I saw a giant carpenter standing near by and made my way to him, and after awhile I handed him a couple of cigars. He beamed on me. I noticed that he wore a broad, sole-leather belt, and I easily led him to understand that I wanted

to cling to this belt from behind when the doors opened so that he might tow me into the building. He nodded approvingly, and when the doors swung back he moved slowly forward, just as steadily as a steam-roller on a country road or a glacier on its native mountain. There was a great crush: clothes were torn, and women fainted and had to be carried out of the crowd. When the giant landed me safely in the middle of the nave I shook hands with him and clapped him on the back, giving him some more cigars as a final mark of appreciation. If I hadn't a "pull" that time I don't know who ever had. There were a thousand Cossacks in the church and they did not let us rest long in one spot. I was glad to get out. I did not see much of the interior, as I had other things on my mind, but it was fully as gorgeous as what I have described the exterior to be. I was never so glad to get back to a hotel in my life.

On the following morning we began to pack up, preparatory to putting Russia behind us forever. When we had finished we strolled down to the docks to see about a steamer. Any boat would do that would land us at Copenhagen, Stockholm, or Christiania. We found a steamer starting for Stockholm and engaged a stateroom in it. We then returned to the city and took a drive on the boulevard along the Neva, which is the social parade of St. Petersburg. The horses and equipages are very imposing. The coachmen in Russia belonging to military or government officials give their hats a rake, or "cock," to one side, while the "second man" wears his straight. Any deviation from this puts the owner in the social discard, and woe betide any "noovorichski" who would dare to have a coachman wear his hat cocked in this way—he would be driven into the Neva. The impression given to a visitor by this custom is that the coachman seems to be drunk and his party on a spree. Russia is a fine country, and the middle and lower classes are a well-meaning people with serious, social intentions for their own advancement. The Czar is also a good fellow, and would like to treat his people fairly, but he is the victim of a political system and a social environment that would corrupt a John Milton or a Martin Luther. The "granddukes" stand for everything that is bad and contemptible in Russia, while their "second sons" are simply condensed-milk sops, if they are not pronounced scamps. The Czar is an enterprising man, and cultivates extensive vineyards and orchards in the Crimea, where he grows quantities of grapes, fine apples, and other fruits. They are sold in St. Petersburg with the royal coat-of-arms branded on them, and I bought a basket of



Photographed by "The Student"

NEW CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, ST. PETERSBURG



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THE MILITARY REVIEW, KRASNOE SELO, RUSSIA

his assorted fruit for use on the steamer. As a “ducinduros” (this isn’t Russian; it’s Irish), we took a nip of vodka at the bar as a parting national salute, and hired a drosky to take us down to our steamer.

RETURN TO SCANDINAVIA

We steamed out, again passed through Cronstadt, and again stopped at Helsingfors for freight and passengers. Here a great surprise was in store for us. The season had closed in Russia and the steamer people had no respect for the feelings of belated travellers, so the ship was suddenly seized by a gang of longshoremen, and before we realized what was happening they had piled three hundred bags of onions on the cabin decks. They were not Bermudas by any means, but the acrid kind that is used by funeral directors to produce copious tears for the departed. After that came calves, and crates of ducks and geese—in fact, all the components of an Irish “stewesky.” I like stews, but not in their elementary condition.

We put out to sea again, and till we arrived in Sweden we were pursued by the noise of the live-stock and the pungent odors from the deck load, so that everything we touched seemed to turn into an aromatic symphony of sound and smell, most appetizing, but, alas, somewhat vulgar in the final analysis.

As we passed through the shoal of Baltic islands I saw a man with a dog and gun standing on a small island, and I asked a Finn what the man was doing out there. He said, “Well, I am sure you will think it is a fish story, but that man is shooting the lobsters that become stranded on the rocks, and his dog retrieves them.” I laughed at him; when he further explained that the small bird-shot used stuns the lobster, glancing off the tail and claws, but wounding it in the tender spots of the body, giving the dog a chance to retrieve it before it recovers from the shock. While we were talking, “bang!” went the gun, and, sure enough, the dog soon brought a limp lobster to his master’s feet. This was convincing, and I did not question my informant’s veracity further.

During the passage through different countries I had accumulated a good many coins of different values, and they were beginning to bother me, so I made up my mind to get rid of them. The cashier of our steamer was a lady of middle age and vast



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THE TOPPO FALLS, TROLLHATTAN, SWEDEN

proportions—perhaps, indeed, best described as “top weight” in the human welter handicap, “in at three hundred pounds without penalties or allowances,” affecting a Medusa-like coiffure, with little corkscrew curls round her smiling face, the whole surmounted by a hat with a bunch of daffodils; these barricaded by a battlement of pink bows and emphasized by two speckled feathers pointed skyward like broadswords. Notwithstanding these projections and ornaments, the hat could easily have entered any freight depot in the country without injuring the structure. These details gave piquancy to her eyes, dark as sloes and very fetching. She gave the boat a list to starboard, as it was on that side she sat on a kind of throne or dais. Surely this comely dame was the embodiment of George IV.’s toast, “Fat, fair, and forty,” with the additional alliteration of being a Finn and full of fun. Should the rôle of the “Merry Widow” become part of her repertoire, no ballroom would be considered safe against the heft of her *embonpoint* unless fortified by steel beams while the famous waltz was being interpreted. As she did not speak a word of English, I had an interpreter intimate to her that I had some influence in America, and if I got a square deal in exchanging my money I would agree to find her a dashing husband in the States. She shook with laughter, and said in reply what was equivalent to—

“Deelighted, I am sure; and while my heart has a slightly ingrowing tendency, I will do the best I can to make your friend happy!”

She gave me a fair exchange and I drifted away, but after awhile the buxom beauty sat down to the ship’s Steinway grand “pianesky” and warbled “Home, Sweet Home,” in her native tongue, just to show me what a happy man she would make of her future husband.

In the morning we landed at Stockholm, and, after picking up our washing at the Grand Hotel (left there when starting for Russia), we made for the depot and caught the night train for Christiania, reaching Norway the next morning. We visited all the picture-galleries, the King’s Palace, and the University. It is the proper caper here to climb the Holmenkollen, a mountain that lies back of Christiania, and from which you get a grand, panoramic view of the city beneath and the fjord that runs out to the ocean. We started at five one morning, took the train to the foot of the mountain, and then climbed it. It was a tough job for me, and when I reached the top I was exhausted, but I took a bath and breakfast at the chalet and soon forgot my troubles in the fine meal provided. On the side of this mountain they hold the snow and

ice sports in winter, receiving the Norway championships for the year before a multitude of people. Excitement runs high, and the man who wins the "ski-jumping" cup is the hero of the carnival, as it is the principal event of a long programme lasting a week.

We admired the panorama for a while, then went down again and into the city, where I bought a *Paris Herald*, and learned from it for the first time in a month what they were doing in America. They blot out the American news in the Russian papers; it is, indeed, the "darkest Russia."

That evening I gave the Student a birthday dinner at the hotel on his rounding out his twenty-third lap. After recounting the "holes" we had got into and out of during the trip—and there were many of them hardly suitable for repeating in a sketch like this—we went to bed on the ground floor. Not but that we could have climbed flights of stairs, or said "truly rural" with authority and distinctness, but the fact is, there were no stairs in the nice little hotel (the name of which I have forgotten). It was built but one story high, round a hollow square with a flower-garden in the centre. It and the people who kept it were pleasant enough to live with for a lifetime.

NORWAY

We started early next morning by rail on what is known as the Valdres route, and had breakfast at Jaren. The train skirted the Randsfjord all day and we had an interesting journey. We arrived at the end of the railroad at supper-time, at a place called Fagerness. There is a large hotel there from which tourists scatter in all directions. When I went in to supper the appearance of the waitresses surprised me: their cheeks were so red that they looked as if they had been painted with raspberry jam, and were a startling contrast to their yellow hair. The "Happy-go-lucky House" would have been a good name for this hotel; every one did about as he pleased—in fact, it ran itself without friction, something like Paul Smith's in the Adirondacks. When I came out to get my shaving-water in the morning I caught a guest "pinching" it. When he disappeared I "swiped" the next man's, and so it went down the line.

The hotel "sat in its own grounds," and they had moved a very small church, more than two hundred and fifty years old, into them. This church had an open

fireplace and a pulpit like a sentry-box. It was used as an after-dinner rendezvous. There were a great many guests at the hotel, and we all "went to church" after dining. The Student told some of them confidentially that I was a political lecturer—and then went to bed. This resulted in some of the men's asking me to address the meeting. I of course refused, but they would not take no for an answer, and as I felt that it would be perhaps easier to make some kind of a bluff at speaking than to appear disagreeable, I climbed into the box and struck the edge of it a whack with a ruler, in the way that a stump speaker hits the table with his umbrella when he is opening the proceedings. It was a much easier job than one would suppose, as most of the Scandinavians present spoke a kind of Weber-Field dialect. I was, therefore, not in the least afraid of making any breaks that they could detect. I requested them to ask questions on any known subject from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter; and then I wished I hadn't, for it would have taken a man with the versatility of our worthy President to make a pretence of answering them. But the end came when one little man piped from the back of the room:

"An' vot do you tink of Roosevelt an' his bolicies?"

If Thorwaldsen's lion had suddenly sprung at me from his Denmark bed of stone I could not have been more startled. But I decided to temporize and side-step the subject, so I told them at some length how popular our President was in Wall Street; that the investors there just loved the gravel that he crunched under his feet, and that he must be near the top or Messrs. Rockefeller, Morgan, and Harriman, three of the biggest and brightest men in the country, would not approve so thoroughly of his policies as they do. And as to that little fine of Judge Landis's, why, "it is to laugh" for those who do not know the inside; he wanted to impress the "foreign devils" with the fact that this country was so big that a little bit of a kerosene tin can company could pay twenty-nine millions without lighting a match. Of course, stage money is the answer. There was a pause, and I again struck the pulpit, saying, "These arguments, gentlemen, seem to me to be simply unanswerable; the meeting is adjourned."

Next morning I found a man with two stout ponies and a small carriage, who had come down from Loedral, just where we were going, and I quickly struck a bargain with him for the long return trip. I called him "Jimmie" right off the reel, and he, supposing this to be a term of endearment, did not object in the least, for he could



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OUR STOLKJAERRE AND DRIVER, NORWAY

not understand any English. But I may say here that "Jimmie" was an expert at signs, winks, and nods, and we got on as well as if he had been a graduated conversational soloist in Volapuk.

It was quite a job to get all our impedimenta fitted into place and roped securely to the neat little carriage, as "Jimmie" had both oats and hay with him, and that had to be provided for. We could never have budged such a load—not to speak of making headway with it—on bad roads, but our highway was a good one, built and kept in excellent repair by the state.

Of all the nations of the earth the Norwegians most thoroughly discern on which side their bread is buttered, and are experts in winning the patronage of the tourists by the use of their brains. Their high card is the "ace of roads," and they play it for all it is worth. Early in the game of competition for the tourist's patronage they recognized that he was the goose with the golden egg, and they planned to have it laid in Norway. With this in mind the government surveyed and built a great system of substantial, first-class macadamized roads, showing special skill in the engineering and grading, the bridges, the protecting and retaining walls, etc. These roads run through the finest scenic districts, and on them are located hotels and government stations at convenient distances. These are controlled by the state, and the charges are fixed at low rates by law, so that the impositions practised on the tourist in other countries are impossible and unknown here. The man who attempts to cheat the stranger is tabooed; he is regarded as injuring the main attraction of the country, which is sight-seeing. But the law is never thought of, as the native wants to please the visitor and thus induce him to return in full force, with his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts. The "station" is usually a large farm-house, and the farmer-proprietor is bound to give the traveller entertainment of a certain standard and at a fixed price. He must unhitch his horses from the plough or leave whatever other work he may be engaged in, and within twenty minutes of your arrival give you a *stolkjaerre* (two seats), or a *karriol* (one seat), and a driver, to take you to the next station. If the weather is cold or wet he will of his own volition hap you up in the warmest of wraps, free of charge.

We started from the hotel, and the road led us through dense forests containing a great variety of trees, white birch, pine, and Norway spruce abounding. We were ascending, and this road would eventually carry us over the backbone of Norway at

an altitude of six or seven thousand feet. We rested at a wayside inn for lunch, and there I found a trapper from whom I bought a red fox-skin and the hide of a reindeer calf, both of which he had shot in the neighboring mountains. We pulled out from here in the afternoon and had a long drive before us to Vang's Hotel at Grindaheim, where we arrived at bedtime, tired and cold, as we were adding to the altitude at every mile.

When we got up in the morning and looked round we found no trees, and everything was bleak and weird looking. We breakfasted, and as the snow was deep and the wind blowing a gale, I had a rehearsal with my wardrobe. I put on two pairs of trousers, a sack coat, a pilot coat, then a big overcoat, and rounded out with a rain coat. It was a tight squeeze to get them all on, and I felt like a stuffed "prophet," and might have been stood up in almost any city as a cigar sign without the passing throng's knowing I was alive. The garments were all needed, as we skirted a lake close to its edge, and the storm at times blew the icy spray in our faces for many hours. When we stopped for lunch my fingers were frozen, and I demanded brandy, with an air of authority. The landlord apologized blandly and said he had no license to sell it, but when I showed him my fingers he relented and gave me a high-ball.

We were now near the top and were comforted with the knowledge that the worst was over and that when we began to descend it would grow warmer till normal conditions would prevail when we reached sea-level again. We arrived at Maristuen at the close of the day, and the entire party, including "Jimmie," the ponies, and the wanderers, were glad to crawl into the welcome shelter of the hotel after one of the "busiest days" of our recollection. The landlady was very much amused to see me unpacking myself in the vestibule.

Near this place the Laplanders herd their reindeer for the winter. There were two thousand of these animals in a park and we saw them rounded up. There were some wild ones in the neighborhood, and a Lapp had shot one of these the day before; we had its tenderloin steak for supper, and the blood was boiled and seasoned as a side dish, but we passed this delicacy as being a little "too-too," even for men who were trying their best to get close to the people.

Next day the storm was still raging and we thought it best to rest for a day, amusing ourselves by looking out of the windows at the mountains covered with snow and the squalls enveloping them. Next morning we started, going down hill rapidly; in a few



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HERD OF REINDEER AND SNOWY HEIGHTS OF HARDANGER GLACIER, NORWAY



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LAPLAND FAMILY AND SLEDGE-DOG, NORWAY

hours we ran into some vegetation, and by lunch-time we were in forests again, with the air getting warmer. During the afternoon it became quite balmy and we had lost the cold weather for good. Near here we stopped to feed the horses and lunch. After that we visited the historic church at Borgund, the oldest in Norway, erected about 1100 A.D. It is built of wood, and the beams and interior are as they were at the time of erection, but of course the shingled roof has been renewed many times by succeeding generations. It is the most interesting building in the country. The Student took a photograph of it, in which the writer's back is seen at the stone fence, enveloped in a couple of overcoats.

We were now down almost to the level of the Sognefjord, and we followed the bank of the river into Loedral. This was "Jimmie's" home, and we had to part with him and his ponies, as our next move was by steamer on the Sognefjord. We had a meal at the hotel, and after it was over we strolled out and visited "Jimmie" at his cottage. We found him resting, and he took us out to a clover field in which his ponies were grazing. When they saw him coming they dropped the clover, rushed at him like a pair of Newfoundlands, and rubbed their heads against him. This tribute of affection was well deserved, as we had never seen such care given to animals; but that is the rule in Norway. We did not see a horse with a sore, or that was lame, or in a poor condition during our stay in the country.

"Jimmie" insisted on driving us down in state (free of charge), to the steamer, where he put us and our traps on board, introduced us to the captain, and wished us all kinds of good luck on our journey. Soon after the steamer left the dock we were out in the glories of the Sognefjord. This is a typical fjord and "one of the finest." It was our first sight of these strange arms of the sea that run like veins up into the heart of Norway. They are bounded on each side by steep mountains, which are most of the time capped with snow, and are supposed to be of the same depth as the height of the mountains, this one being forty-one hundred feet deep in many places. What a spacious bath-tub this noble hole would have made for the prehistoric mastodon! Being thoroughly sheltered, they are usually like mirrors of a deep green color. There are so many of them that it is alleged it would take many years to explore the main bodies and all the arms running out from them. This does not seem an exaggeration when the visitor has looked at them for a few days from a steamer's deck. But, alas, there is a fly in the ointment: while these fjords are exceedingly



Photographed by "The Student"

CELEBRATED WOODEN CHURCH AT BORGUND, NORWAY—ONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

"There stood I, a-waiting at the church."

beautiful, they have a typical similarity and, one might say, have become "keel worn" by the fleets of steamers that are constantly plying on their surface. The average tourist at first sight becomes enthusiastic, then indifferent, and finally "throws up the sponge" and takes to smoking and French novels. I did not get to that stage, for I determined I would see only two of them and avoid this scenic surfeit which comes to all those who insist on "doing" them to the bitter end. The Emperor William comes here every summer in his yacht the *Hohenzollern*, but he is wise, and after anchoring in the heart of the grand panorama at Molde he writes political bulletins from the deck of his boat till it is time to go home. So he is always ready to return next season for his annual "rest."

The sun was beginning to set as we steamed out into the open fjord. It was a glorious sight. First the whole scene was bathed in golden splendor, as the sun beat down directly upon it; then when he began to sink, his departing rays shot through the air like a search-light, with yellow shafts cutting the mist as they passed through it. As he sank still lower his rays were reflected from the tops of the opposite mountains, covered with snow and now turning to burnished gold; and when it was all over we were left in a violet mist, a striking yet artistic contrast to the departed sunshine. As the sun went down the moon began to rise, so we were fortunate in seeing the same scene silently transformed to silver lights and deep shadows within an hour. The captain invited me up on the bridge; he spoke English and was glad to find company to relieve the monotony of his lonely watch. I pointed out the stars, planets, and constellations, giving him such information as I possessed about them, and in return he told me the history of the places we were passing and showed me a large place owned by a goat-farmer. This man started with a few goats, and as his flocks multiplied he bought the rough mountains round him. The profits lay in the fact that the goats lived on the twigs of the undergrowth and it cost nothing to keep them. At milking-time horns are blown at various points of his estate, when the goats rush down the mountain-sides to the milking-pens. He employs a great many men, women, and girls in the care of his flocks and in making "Swiss" cheese for the London market. He is a very rich man for Norway.

It was late when we reached the end at Gudvangen. We had to walk through the village in the dark to the hotel. That was dark, too, but we woke up the night clerk and found that the hotel was full. However, quite a number of the guests were re-



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NORWEGIAN GIRLS MILKING COWS AND GOATS ON THE HAUKELI MOUNTAINS, NORWAY

turning by our steamer, so he roused these from their slumbers and gave the newcomers their rooms, after going through the perfunctory ceremony of giving the beds a "shake-up"—or "shake-down," as it may please the reader's fancy.

I got up early next morning and walked along the shore of the fjord for a mile or so, the Student having decided to remain in bed. I saw a Hans Dahl girl—the type exploited by Dahl in his pictures—with her father rowing a boat, on their way to cut a small patch of grass further up. I hailed them and by signs induced them to row me down the fjord a few miles and back to the hotel. It was a very enjoyable excursion. The girl had the golden locks and customary raspberry-jam complexion; both were expert rowers, and we soon reached the hotel pier. I took a handful of silver coins from my pocket and opened my hand for the father to take his pay from them. He took what was fair, shook hands, and went back to cut his grass. The Student had come down to the pier to meet us, and when he saw the girl he could not help blurting out:

"Oh, why didn't you tell me!"

We hired a *stolkjaerre* with a stout horse. There are two seats in front and one behind for the driver, who is usually a boy and very expert at jumping on and off just like a monkey. Our destination was Voss *via* Stalheim, some fifty-five miles distant, and we arranged for change of horses at four stations. We drove down the great valley with its high mountain walls approaching Stalheim, and came to the foot of the mountain on which the hotel is built, about four thousand feet above us. After a few yards the horse stopped; he could not move the load. First the driver alighted, then the Student. I didn't relish it, but I, too, had to take my medicine and climb down. There are two celebrated falls on the way up, one that makes a sheer drop of two hundred feet, and as it is a large river and makes this leap at a single bound, the noise can be heard for miles. The other fall is very beautiful, and always shows a rainbow when the sun is shining. I took more than a passing interest in both these falls, as admiring them gave me a chance to recover and keep up with the procession. I shed my hat, coat, and vest, throwing them on the *stolkjaerre*, and finally reached the hotel veranda. It was a moment of joy and gladness mingled with pride, so I celebrated it by ordering a quart of beer, which disappeared in less time than it takes to write about it. After a change of horses and a new boy we began our descent on Voss. Coming down from Grindaheim we had seen hundreds of water-falls and skirted the

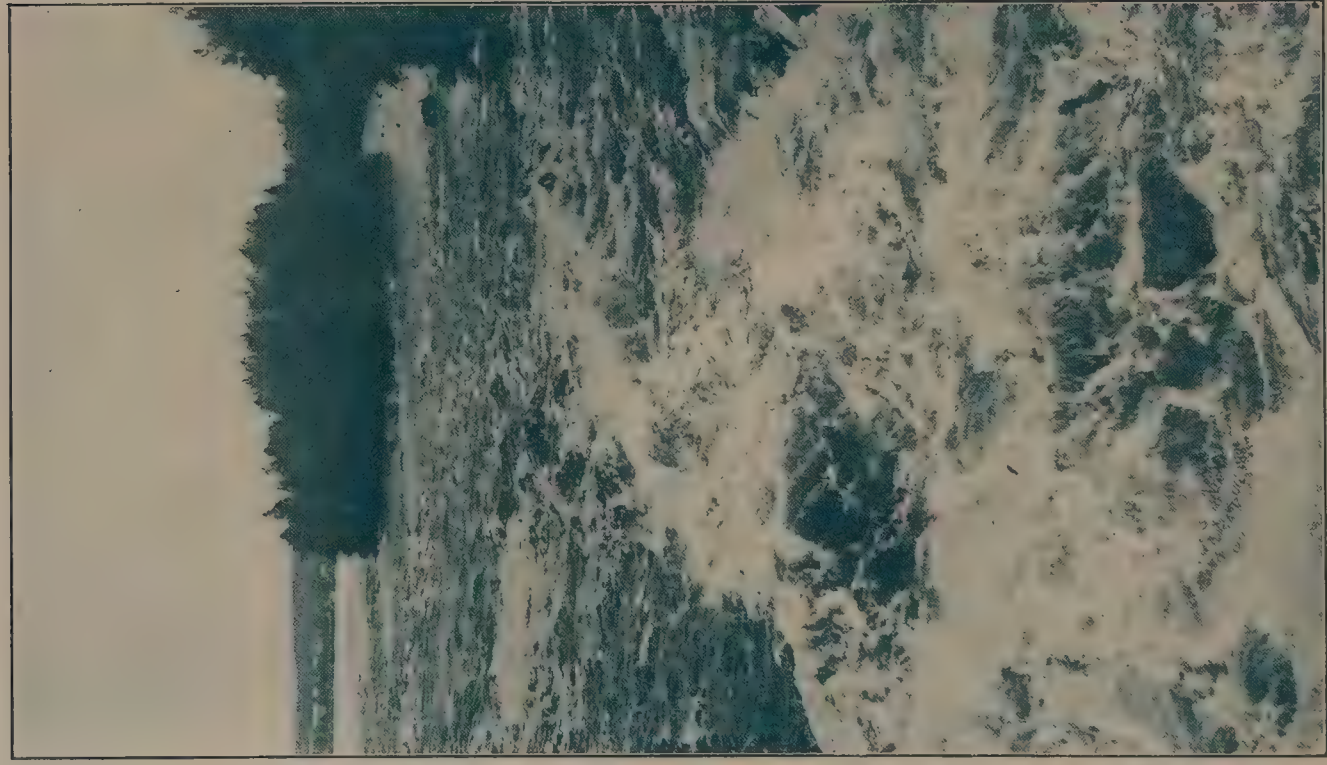
banks of many rivers, but I have refrained from mentioning them as the descriptions would be repetitions. However, the road now began to run along the bank of the largest and finest salmon river in Norway. It contains many rapids, pools, and quiet stretches, and at times becomes savage and thunders against the mountain-side, eating holes into the rock, the spray rising in clouds at the violent impact. Sometimes the water is green, at others it is beaten into a white froth, but it is ever changing and never the same. These characteristics are seen in the numerous rivers that make their way to the sea. The spray and mist spread for quite a distance, and this gives the vegetation remarkable vigor and brilliant coloring, making these rivers the glory of Scandinavian scenery and the beauty spots of Norway. They are not monotonous, and the tourist could travel for a year along their banks and never feel that he had had enough. The land-owners along these rivers own the fishing rights fronting on their property, thus the leasing of the rivers for trout and salmon fishing is quite a diplomatic and delicate feat which requires time and patience to accomplish. In a stretch of fifty miles on both sides of the river there would easily be three hundred men to deal with and harmonize. One Englishman usually leases the entire river and then sublets it to suit himself. The division of the water so as to give each lessee a fair share of the pools and lairs of the fish is also difficult, as there are many places where the fishing is not good and where it is hard to reach the game with the fly. But here also there is a big "fly" in the fisherman's "ointment." It is a sad fact that these men and their visitors tire of salmon—get "fashed wi' the fesh," as the Scotsman puts it—and cannot eat them but once or twice a week. They have to be disposed of somehow, so the sportsmen practically give them to the hotels, and as a result the guests get tired of them also. These conditions reminded me of those prevailing on the Columbia River in the State of Washington, where we were served with little else than salmon in some form or other till we had to fly from the place, beginning to imagine that scales were forming on our backs. I have also been obliged to live for a month on fish alone in the interior of Japan.

Lord Portman leases this river for thirty-two thousand kronen a year, and it is alleged that he manages to sublet enough of it to reimburse himself and yet leave the best fishing-pools for his own use. That's "quite English, you know;" but, really, these Englishmen are not such fools as they look. They are very hoity-toity about their "possessions" and if any "rash, intruding fool" approaches the river where they



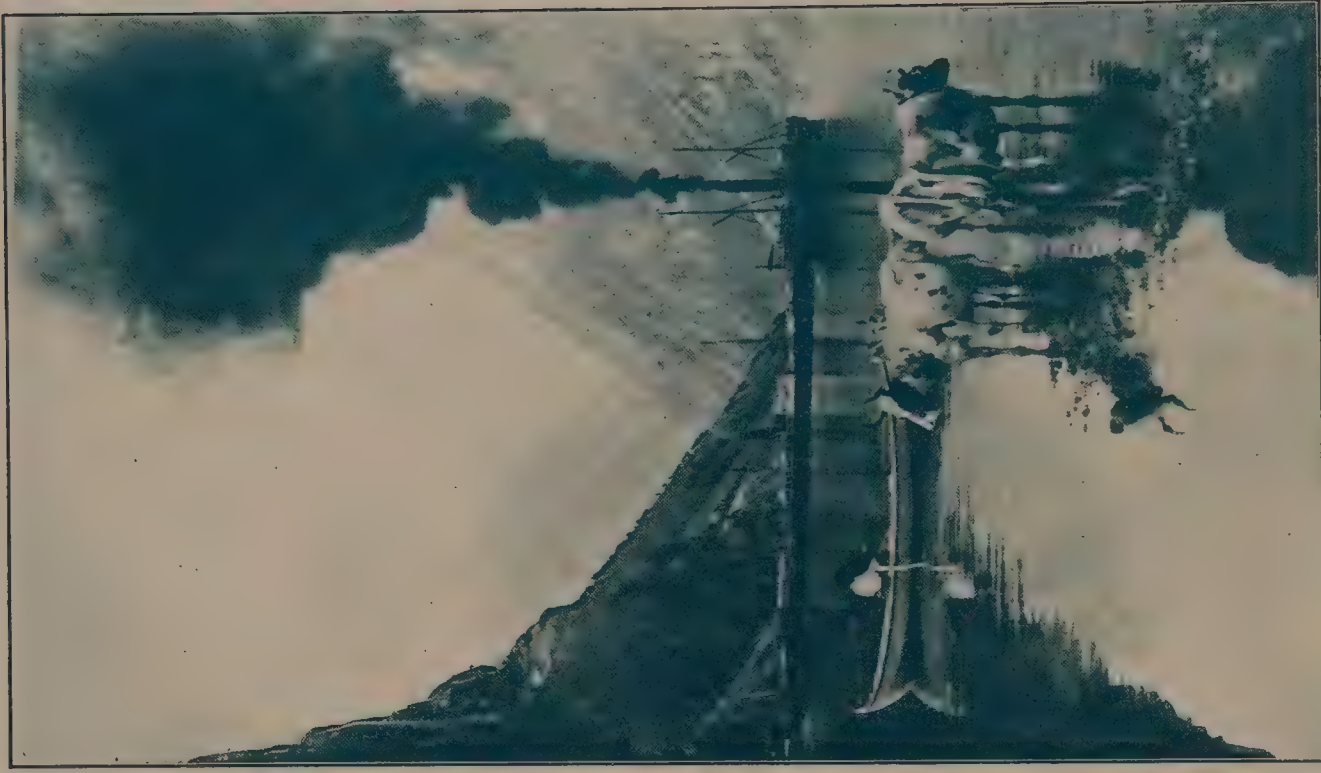
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THE NAEROFJORD, GUDVANGEN, NORWAY



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VUOKSEN RIVER, IMATRA, FINLAND



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GUDVANGEN, WHERE THE SEA REACHES FAR IN AMONG
THE MOUNTAINS, NORWAY

are fishing they give him a look that is intended to turn him into a pillar of salt. However, we fared well at the hotels, as this part of the country abounds in black cock, grouse, and duck, all of them good enough for Lucullus, the great past-master of cuisine and star boarder of history.

We stopped to change horses and eat lunch at a country hotel. The season being practically closed there were no guests but ourselves. The landlord and his good wife were very friendly and gave us their best bedroom to wash up in after our journey. They sent out a boy to fish for trout in a stream near the hotel, and told him he must get four trout inside of twenty minutes; that if he failed to come back the landlord would go down and catch the fish himself, as he knew how and where to find them. This put the boy on his mettle and he caught four speckled beauties in half an hour. These were broiled by the wife and served by the husband, and after partaking of some other good things we went on our way rejoicing.

There is a great rainfall in this part of Norway, and of course the vast quantities of water thus precipitated noticeably swell the rivers and water-falls. While breakfasting on the veranda at Gudvangen, I counted some fourteen falls, some of them thin and small. They will be observed in the photographs as delicate white lines, like spool-thread, running down from the tops of mountains to join the rivers below. The Norwegian farmer utilizes this water-power to the fullest extent and does practically everything with it. You will see along the roads his tiny, labor-saving plants, and no matter whether they are in use or not they never stop. Their movement gives an air of life to a scene that has probably not had a man near it for a week; you look for the men but they are somewhere else. These people are great wood-workers and build very artistic houses, chalets, bridges, and other structures.

After passing through a weird and wild country, a notable feature of which was the coloring of the rocks, ferns, mosses, and trees—brown, olive, green, and red—we drove into the large hotel in Voss which in this case was our *skjuts-station*. In five minutes we had a fresh horse, a new boy, and were off for Eide, where we were to take to the water again on our way to Odde. It was late in the evening, and as we had had a hard day of it we wished to push on and get a good night's sleep; but this was a dream that was never realized, for when we had gone about half-way our gray steed went lame suddenly and left us in the lurch. It had grown dark in the woods and there were no houses within six miles of us. We held a council of war and reasoned

that we had a good cause and would "take a chance" in violating the laws of the land, so we stood at a near-by watering trough and decided that the first boy driving an empty *stolkjaerre*, that stopped to water his horse, would have to do something for us. Very soon one came along, but neither he nor our boy could speak English. We pointed out our horse's condition and led him by signs to understand our plight and what we wanted him to do. He was about twenty and quite husky. We wanted him to exchange horses and leave our lame beast at the *skjuts-station* at Voss. He kicked violently against this proposal and made a break for freedom, but we seized his horse and exhibited our Russian passport, for the purpose of mystifying him about the importance of our mission. He finally gave in and helped to make the exchange of horses. At this point a horseman came up and our boy sent a message to his father's house, five miles ahead, explaining the situation and asking him to meet us with a fresh horse, as our latest acquisition, although not lame, was tired out and unfit to take us such a long distance in time to catch the steamer. The old man met us as we were coming along "dead slow" in an hour or so, and after that we made good time to Eide, but it was 3 A.M. when we reached the hotel. As the steamer started at four we did not go to bed either at the hotel or on the steamer, wishing to see the sunrise on the Hardanger Fjord, the greatest of them all. Going down to the steamer in the cold, dark, and dank atmosphere, without sleep, and stumbling over the bowlders at every step, I said to the Student:

"I would give a five-dollar bill to have a brass band here to play the 'Dead March' in 'Saul' at this moment, in order to thoroughly complete the picture of our misplaced confidence in the alleged pleasures of foreign travel."

He answered me, Irish fashion, by asking the question: "After all, is the game worth the candle?"

"You can bet your Russian passport it's not!" No traveller who ever lugged a Gladstone bag under discouraging circumstances has ever escaped these bad moments, and we were no exception to the rule.

When we reached the steamer and explained what we had suffered to the genial steward, he "humped himself" and got us up some poached eggs and a cup of coffee that put an entirely different aspect on our misfortunes, and afterward, when smoking a "cloro de limo" on the deck, we awaited the sunrise with contentment and complacency. It wasn't long in coming and was well worth the price we paid for it. The



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END OF THE ZIGZAG MOUNTAIN ROAD, STALHEIM HOTEL,
WHERE WE SHED OUR CLOTHING, NORWAY



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STREAM OF SOLID ICE, HARDANGER GLACIER, NORWAY

conditions of the sunset we had seen on the Sognefjord were reversed, and if the indulgent reader will do a little "reversing" himself, it will save me some time and a copious ink-shed, for, to tell the simple truth, I have run out of words in describing the beauties of this Norwegian scenery, and do not wish to play a literary obligato to any kind of scenery.

To get down to every-day life again: we arrived safely at Odde. Here the Student and I were reluctantly obliged to part company, as he had arranged to make some walking tours in this neighborhood and I had neither the time nor the inclination to join him, as my walking days with a heavy knapsack are partially eclipsed by the earnest desire, as a general thing, to ride on something, no matter what, all the way from a Japanese jinrikisha down to a power-boat. There were no tears or Gallic embraces, but still we were sorry to lose each other. At a family dinner at my house in New York a few weeks ago, I had a rehearsal and comparison of notes with him, when both of us tried to make it appear that the really interesting part of our trip commenced after we had separated. Each of us knew the other was "faking," so there was no harm done.

I had to return over the same route by the same steamer till I reached the main body of the Hardanger Fjord, and had consequently some time to look round while the steamer was getting ready to sail again for Bergen. I went ashore and the first thing I saw was two boats on the other side of the inlet with a crowd of men surrounding them. I walked over to find out what was the matter, and saw they were hauling out with nets large quantities of small fish, which are canned there and sold as Norway sardines. It struck me at once as being strange that there were only two boats engaged in this rich harvest, and I asked one of the men, who spoke English, about it. He explained that every land-owner on this arm of the fjord has a *prorata* right to the fish according to his water-frontage, and that they themselves used to fish opposite their lands, but soon found this method expensive and not productive of dividends, while in addition the stock of fish was being depleted to the point of extinction. The retail plan of fishing was not so profitable as wholesaling, so they pooled their issues in a kind of piscatorial trust based on the American plan, and now half a dozen men and two boats take out all the fish that should be taken, at a minimum cost, as against a hundred men and fifty boats when operated the other way. This was a rural object-lesson to me in trusts, and caused me to sit up and think when I got



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FARMER'S WATER-POWER GRINDSTONE, SOD-ROOFED GRISTMILL, AND SCYTHES FOR CUTTING
SECOND CROP OF HAY, NORWAY

back to the steamer. We did not sail till after dark, and I went to bed for a rest and a full night's sleep.

Next morning when I had breakfasted I went on deck. We were out on the main body of the Hardanger, and saw the celebrated glacier which is the largest in Europe slowly empty its ice-grindings into the fjord we were sailing on. This vast stream of blue ice has kept the same appearance and volume within the memory of man. The "oldest inhabitant" tells his listener that his grandfather often told him that it was just the same when he was a boy and that *his* grandfather said the same thing. I have no doubt this is true, as geologists tell us that these ice streams have existed as they are to-day for thousands of years. There are many large glaciers in Norway, but this one is the most remarkable within the traveller's reach. As our boat went on her way down the fjord we saw many farmers gathering their second crop of hay—in fact, we had seen this haying going on at every turn since we came into the country. All Norway—men, women, boys, girls, little children, and horses—were busily engaged in gleaning the last spears of grass, long or short, in every nook and corner of the land. The farmers have to keep their stock over a long winter and they require everything in sight to do it. They even cure the potato-tops and gather the large leaves of the trees to add to their fodder. *We* really know nothing about their enforced economies and waste more than they use. This second crop hardly averages three inches in length and is cut with a little scythe like a carving-knife fixed to the point of a heavy cane with which they flick the short grass. In some places the grass is raked up into large piles on the steep hill-sides where horses cannot be used, immense balls of it are roped up in loose fashion, and a man gets below the ball on the incline; it is then rolled on his back by his fellow-workers. He staggers off under the weight, his movements cause part of it to settle down below his knees, and he is so well hidden that you are astonished to see a huge green balloon coming toward you, apparently without motive power save his ankles, of which you get a glimpse. When he reaches the cart below he suddenly dumps his burden on it, and, *voila!* you see it all and how it was done. This final work in the fields is a kind of festival and is enjoyed by the people, who sing, shout, and laugh joyously while at work, and after it is all done they hold a country dance as a wind-up for the season.

On the trip to the ocean we enjoyed the unfolding of the scenic panorama round the headlands and into new scenes, delightfully changing as we passed through narrow



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MAKING HAY IN NORWAY

First Cutting

channels between islands whose beetling crags almost overhung our decks and upon which you could toss a biscuit with ease. When passing between the island of Godosund and the mainland, we stopped to take on board a great naval official who came out to go with us to Bergen. The channel is very rough here and the waves run high owing to the current. A section of the gunwale had to be taken out to get the great man on board, as he weighed three hundred pounds if he weighed an ounce. Several attempts to place him on the deck utterly failed, and in the last one he fell back in the bottom of his boat in a helpless and bedraggled condition. It was an interesting performance and all the passengers had gathered about to see the outcome, and, of course, began to laugh at the accident, particularly as the gentleman was covered with gold lace and medals. Our captain got angry at this lack of courtesy and respect toward the helpless "admiral," and jumped into the boat with two sailors; they then got under his body and "boosted" him into the arms of those helping on the deck. He stood for a moment and glared at us, then impotently shook his fist and retreated to a state-room without speaking a word. All three-hundred-pound men should retire from any navy; the sea plays too many tricks with men of that weight.

BERGEN

We were now on the broad Atlantic, and soon entered the Korsfjord on which Bergen is built. I landed and walked directly to the post-office, where I received and read my mail. Afterward I put up at the Norge, said to be the best hotel in Norway. Bergen is the oldest town in the country and it is the largest wholesale fish depot probably in Europe. The retail fish-market at the quays is unique, as the smacks and trawlers back their sterns up against the wharf and the fish are handed out of the hold to the buyers. The climate of Bergen is mild, being affected by the Gulf Stream. The people are very hospitable and kind to strangers; they seem to have been sent into life to make the best of it and they don't forget their mission. I know of no pleasanter places to live in than Bergen and Christiania—in fact, all Norway is the home of gentleness and good-nature. Its people are extremely honest, not only among themselves but with the stranger within their gates. Locks and keys are but seldom used. I have often called at a farm-house and found everything wide open and no one there. The



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FISH WHARVES, BERGEN, NORWAY

jails are only used for the very few who must be punished. I did not see an arrest or even a dispute during my visit, nor did I meet an objectionable person that I can now recollect. They are considerate to the aged, to their children, and to unfortunates generally. You never see a beggar, while their treatment of dumb animals is proverbial. They are gay and light-hearted, fond of singing and instrumental music. They say these conditions are the result of the climate and of the "height of the air." They frequently speak of the "high air," and it does seem as if it reached higher and was clearer than in most other places. They have three idols in Norway and the people feel a great national pride in their success: Ibsen, the dramatic poet; Ole Bull, the violinist; and Grieg, the musical composer. The first-named lived in Christiania and the other two in Bergen. Pictures of them are seen everywhere.

I met a gentleman at the Norge who was fishing in the neighborhood, and he invited me to go fishing with him. We went to a trout stream he knew of near Voss and brought back a fair catch of trout, for a short excursion. At this season of the year all the salmon-fishing Englishmen are returning home and the steamers are crowded. The *Falhunstreet Jarl* was the steamer I wished to take; but it was no use, I couldn't get a berth, and yet if I missed her I should have to wait three days for the next boat. I have always found a considerable amount of freemasonry among bankers, so I called on the president of the largest bank in the place, told him what I wanted and that I worked in the Seaboard Bank for a living. Strange as it may appear, he had never heard of the Seaboard—didn't know it from a side of sole-leather—but the leaven was working, and he said:

"Hold on a minute and I'll fix you." He then went to the 'phone and returned in a few minutes, saying: "You have berth No. 9 in a deck cabin for to-night. Steamer sails at seven-thirty."

I was delighted, and left him in that spirit, went to the hotel, and brought my traps down to the steamer. There was more than an hour before sailing-time, and as I hadn't had a shave for two days, and it would be three more before I reached Newcastle (where the coal comes from), I started out to find a barber. I found a shop on the pier, of an ornate and most respectable front elevation, and marching boldly in I took a seat to await my turn. In a few minutes I was shocked to find how the "joint" was run, and thought of bolting; but I wanted a



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SKJAEGGEDALSFOS

(A free translation being, "One of the finest")

shave badly, and I determined to stand by my guns, no matter what happened. I regret to say that the tonsorial artist was a man who spoke no English, but he was a lightning expert with his razor and swung it, like the sword of Damocles, merrily and with an air of nonchalance round the cheeks and throat of his victims. He had a son who lathered the customers in advance. It never took him over a minute to shave each man—he couldn't afford much time, as he performed the "operation" for three cents. The customers washed themselves at a basin when he shot them out of the chair, and he had a rack of twenty razors all stropped and ready so as not to lose a second of time. So far was this time-saving idea carried out that he disdained the use of paper to remove the lather from the razor, but with great expertness tossed the white foam from the blade over his shoulder to the angle of the wall, where it landed with a loud smack. He never missed the spot, but made the bull's-eye every time. I became carried away, fascinated, enthralled by his skill, overlooking entirely my impending doom. When my turn came I lost my nerve, as I have a hard beard and a tender skin which few barbers can shave to my satisfaction. So I made signs to him to put off the day of reckoning, sparring for time in the hope that the crowd would thin out and I could bribe him with extra pay to spend at least five minutes on my face. He would not relent, however, and insisted that I should take my turn—in fact, he did not understand me. If it were my fate to be sent to the electric chair I could never be more nervous than when I climbed into his. I made all kinds of signs to him to be careful and to use hot water, but he understood them not and laughed sardonically. He began scraping vigorously as he had done with the other men. In the first few strokes he practically lifted me out of the chair—at least, I lifted myself up, closed my eyes, and stood the assault to the bitter end. Then, in my weak, bleeding, and nervous condition, he smilingly applied a lump of alum to my wounds and fertilized it with a copious spray of bay rum. This was more than I could stand. I jumped out of the chair, threw down a coin, and fled to my cabin on the steamer for repairs and restoration to my normal composure, which I had so suddenly lost. I certainly got a little too close to the people that time, but I paid for the experiment in full—in fact, I may say it was bought with blood. The explanation of it all is that the dock people quit their work at six and all want to get shaved before supper at the same time, and if he didn't shave them quickly they would drift off to another barber: hence these tears.



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EXPORTING FISH WAREHOUSE, NORWAY

Exporting Fish Warehouse
Norway

THE HOME STRETCH

The smoking-room on the boat was full of the returning English fishermen and the smaller fry who ape them. Each one wanted the floor, to exploit himself and to get into the spot-light while he told his fish stories, so I had a good chance to sit back and amuse myself with listening to the struggle. It lasted till late bedtime, when they became tired and dropped off to sleep, many of them having no berths. A sample story follows, told by a tall, "titled man," who wore one of those fore-and-aft sporting caps with a scoop on both ends and checks so loud they must have had a tendency to scare the fish. (I would here say that you must never call them "salmon" in England; salmon are always "fish," and a man who would attempt to tell you a story about mere trout or admit that he had wasted his time in fishing for trout would be thrown out of any set he attempted to butt into. Such are the ethics of piscatorial aristocracy, made potent by a big rent for the river.) He of the loud cap said that a few days before, while fishing in the Romsdal district—you see, it was a strictly *fresh fish* incident—he had hooked a twenty-pound fish and it had taken him eleven hours to land it. He was cross-examined by a rival, who had just finished a good story which had raised a laugh at the end of it, who questioned:

"But, my dear boy, where did you get food to sustain you in such a long struggle?"

"Why, I had my gillie run to my wife and bring me a lunch-basket. The gillie is a good sport, and kept the fish in line till I had finished eating."

"But the eleven hours must have run you into darkness at this time of year."

"Of course it did, but the moon rose just in time to make it a moonlight killing when we got him into the landing-net."

So it went all night. One man who became mellowed by many high-balls, confided to me with tears in his voice that this Norway fishing was not what it was cracked up to be; that he did not get many fish, and consequently what he did get cost him sixty pounds each (equal to three hundred dollars). This is a tender point with these men, and it is considered bad form to ask any one what his fish cost him unless you know he has been successful.

The North Sea is shallow and consequently turbulent. We had a rough passage and very few made their appearance till we got under the lea of old England. We met



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GRYTREIDS GLACIER GLITTERING ABOVE DRIFTING CLOUDS, SEEN ACROSS PLACID LAKE
OLDEN, NORWAY

the *Mauretania* coming out of the Tyne on her trial trip and saw her reel off her first knots on the ocean. I made my way to Liverpool and took a room on the *Empress of Ireland*, of the new Canadian-Pacific Line. She was a fine ship of eighteen thousand tons burden. Her destination was Quebec and she sailed that evening. Next morning we passed close to the northern point of Ireland, where I was born, and I could see with a glass the mountains and rivers where I had shot and fished in my boyhood days. Soon afterward it started blowing great guns, and the gale did not abate till we sighted and steamed along the coast of Labrador. Of course this state of affairs is invariably followed by the reappearance of the sick passengers, when shelter is found and the sea has gone down. The first of these arrivals on deck preen themselves in the sun and await the arrival of the less fortunate laggards, generally hailing them in this style: "Well, where on earth have you been all this time? Why, I haven't seen hilt nor hair of you since we left Liverpool! I really hope you weren't seasick!" And then these people sit round and put on the airs of the immune from *mal de mer*.

Just before entering the straits of Belle Isle we met and passed close to an immense iceberg, at which most of the passengers fired farewell "shots" from their cameras till it was out of sight. When we sailed into the mouth of the St. Lawrence we had a veritable treat of Labrador oysters, large and fine. Just think of eating oysters these days a thousand miles from the mouth of a sewer. After three days of calm steaming up the St. Lawrence estuary we landed at Quebec, and from there to New York it was easy going.

So finished a pleasant, varied, and interesting outing, and I arrived at home just in time for the opening of the panic. This was quite a change from the daily routine of foreign travel. It cannot be truthfully said, however, that the "subsequent proceedings interested me no more;" they kept me from thinking much about the allurements of Scandinavian scenery for many months afterward, and if they had not occurred when they did I should have been able to give the reader a more lucid and connected account of the incidents I have tried—perhaps vainly—to recollect and describe.

THE END

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QUICKSTEPS THROUGH
SCANDINAVIA WITH
A RETREAT FROM
MOSCOW

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